



THE New Republic

Negotiating
An Atomic
Test Ban

Pages 3-5

How Far Has Merger Gone?

Second in a Series on the State of the Unions

WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.,
JOEL SEIDMAN, VICTOR HOFFMANN

Working-Class Novels *Graham Hughes*
The New Yorker's Golden Age . . *Peter Salmon*
Chinese Outside China *Philip Potter*

"THE MOST ECSTATIC POETRY"

Stephen Spender on St. John of the Cross

JUNE 29, 1959

25 cents



Washington Wire

The Two Nixons

THE CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY of Vice President Nixon by Earl Mazo published this week is a political event. We doubt if it helps Nixon very much.

Mazo is a top political reporter on the Republican *New York Herald Tribune*. Though the book is primarily written from the Nixon viewpoint it is not fulsome and gives facts for both sides. What we don't see after reviewing the evidence is how the Republicans can nominate the man.

It seems that there are two Nixons. Both did well at school and have exceptional mental acumen and impeccable home lives. But one is modest, diffident and "painfully sensitive." The other is a killer. The two seem to alternate in Mazo's study. We think the first would bore the Republicans and the second might defeat them.

Richard Rovere to the contrary, Nixon still thinks Joe McCarthy was sincere. "The Vice President told me . . . that the Senator 'believed what he was doing very deeply,'" Mazo reports. This is supported by a direct quotation from Nixon, dealing with anti-McCarthyites: "This does not imply that all those who were against McCarthy were Communists," Nixon explains broadmindedly. "On the contrary, many people just as honest as he was opposed him. . . ."

Well, well, we hope a lot of people even *more* honest than McCarthy opposed him, too. (We don't remember too many in either group in those lively days.) Here the evidence is—or a good part of it—and you can judge for yourself. We really wonder though if, when all the chips are down, the Republicans will care to nominate a man of whom Walter Lippmann wrote " . . . a ruthless partisan . . . [who] does not have within his conscience those scruples which the country has a right to expect in the President of the United States."

Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) said last

week that 88 companies doing business with the Defense Department carry on their payrolls a total of 721 retired officers of the rank of colonel or of Navy captain, or higher. He made public the list which came from the Pentagon. At his press conference Eisenhower spoke out in exasperation at the munitions lobby: "Obviously something besides the strict military needs of the country," he said, "are influencing decisions."

Dear Old Pal

WELL, the story is worth telling again. The armed services try to keep their command young and the brass retire early, with fat pensions. But then they reappear again at the Pentagon. They say "hello" to old comrades. But this time they are in business suits. The General has got a \$40,000-a-year job with the Sonic Airplane Corporation—and how about an after-hours golf game where they can discuss new jet models at the 19th hole? Or Admiral Boom (rtd) returns for Strontium 90, Inc., to discuss munitions contracts. Of all defense contracts, 95 percent are negotiated rather than awarded competitively, the records show. As Douglas observed, "When companies with defense contracts hire former officers of high rank to negotiate with their former fellow officers, some of whom they have promoted, the potential and actual abuses are magnified."

A House Armed Services subcommittee is investigating.

Mellifluous Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen (Ill.) is becoming one of our favorite speakers. In the Strauss battle he did not rise to the heights of the Clare Booth Luce engagement when, in reference to her, he implored colleagues not to beat that "old bag of bones." On the other hand he did compare Strauss to Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor of Henry VIII, on his way to execution. As Dirksen incomparably rolled it out: "If tonight we reject his nomination then in his moments of quiet introspection he [Strauss] can say, with Cardinal Wolsey, 'If I had served my

God as I served my King, he would not have deserted me in my old age.' It is a baffling analogy anyway you construe it.

The Democratic Rubber Stamp

PERHAPS this column has written too much about the disappointing Democratic leadership in Congress. So let us quote other sources:

Democratic Advisory Council:

The people expect and are entitled to have in this Congress more tangible results of the mandate they gave a Democratic majority last November than they have received to date . . .

National Committee for an Effective Congress: Congressional Democrats have failed

. . . to demonstrate a clear-cut opposition to the Administration; they are prisoners of the "spending" issue. . . . Democrats have lost rapport with issues. . . . The majority leadership, captained by that master of the immediate, Lyndon B. Johnson, is neither in a position to change its political style nor is it inspired by substantial pressure to do so.

W. M. Schnitzler, AFL-CIO secretary-treasurer:

Congress has fumbled repeatedly after the great expectations of November.

Richard Rovere, *The New Yorker*:

It turns out that not his image [Eisenhower's] but Lyndon Johnson's has been fading. . . . Mr. Johnson has done nothing of consequence. . . . There is a growing tendency to suspect that no matter how good he may be at holding the Democrats together, he is highly overrated as a statesman.

Putting it in brief, the Democrats have a Heaven-sent political issue—expansionism—if they want to take it. Instead they have joined the Administration's economy binge and are whooping up the town in Eisenhower's reckless frugality spree.

Notes

THE STEEL INDUSTRY has improved efficiency to a point where mills can turn out all the steel the nation needs in nine or 10 months. It will be almost cheaper for the industry to have a six-week strike shut-down than a slack two months of unemployment insurance and employer contributions.

T.R.B.

The Ne...iations have still to answer satisfactorily
sation. A great many scientists, including
A JOURNo-called Killian group of advisers to the
that case in much the same way as Dr.
recently restated it.

sts on a global basis, Dr. Lapp begins, is a
ay from war and toward abatement of a
mament. Continued testing, he points out,
s race to the Nth Power. France is getting
k on the door of the three member nuclear
oon become the fourth nuclear power. Then
inevitably a fifth and a sixth member as
become a symbol of national power and
ler and not in every case responsible nations.
ts will automatically limit the development
erful and deadly warheads. Present model
ballistic missiles, Dr. Lapp reminds us,
yield of below one megaton (one million
equivalent) to several times the one mega-
continued testing will multiply the explosive
e missile warheads. A technological brake
d to this development *now*. In retrospect,
e been used last year, the multimegaton
out by the Soviet Union in its 1958 test
still be unproved.

ting will also place more and more empha-
ce upon nuclear weapons in our defense
. And this greater dependence upon nuclear
rn creates imbalance in our defense posture
3 military capability in responding to acts
n short of a nuclear challenge. Further-
ntists add, it should be to our advantage to
ow. An unofficial count of bomb tests to
at the US has tested approximately 100
devices than its competition.

"B...end to testing in the immediate future
the universal fear of fallout. "The global
nuclear testing is real," Dr. Lapp says, "not
A's test advocates would have one believe, and
moral decision for the 'test nation.'"

3, as advocates of limited testing emphasize,
down on certain kinds of bomb tests—per-
g them to underground megaton-size detona-
reduce radiation hazards. But minimizing fall-
the lesser of the evils. It does not solve the
the uncontrolled arms race.

Th...that we continue testing until a "foolproof"
system detection and a mammoth arsenal of nuclear
weapo...every kind and size are at hand might make
some s...iers feel more secure. But how persuasive is
that plea when we contemplate nation after nation de-
veloping newer and more destructive weapons? Is the
policy of an unrestrained nuclear arms race a policy that
carries the greatest promise of security for this nation
and the world?

Communist-Run Kerala

IN WINNING a legislative majority in the South Indian
State of Kerala two years ago the Communists were
able to consolidate the support of the two major Hindu
caste blocs in the state against a Congress Party domi-
nated, or so Communist propaganda persuaded the voters,
by powerful Christian mercantile interests. Now Kerala
is in political turmoil as the result of a new set of reg-
ulations governing private schools which seem to repre-
sent a calculated second step in Communist strategy.
The new regulations constitute a bold bid for the sup-
port of the four-million-strong Ezhavas, a caste group
one niche above untouchability, at the expense of support
hitherto given the Communists by the more influential
but less numerous Nairs. A year ago the Christians were
alone in opposing Communist education policies; the
new element in the situation which has led to mass
demonstrations against the regime, to 12 deaths and
600 arrests, is the entry of the Nairs into the fray.

The most controversial of the new rules and the one
that appears to have outraged the political leaders of
the Nairs would require the managers of the state's
7,000-odd private schools—half of them owned by local
Nair caste associations, half by adjuncts of various
Christian groups—to recruit teachers from lists prepared
by the Communist-controlled civil service commission.
Since civil service recruitment to all public posts in
Kerala is governed by rules setting aside specified num-
bers of jobs for certain designated "backward" social
groups, notably the low-caste Ezhavas, this new rule
would mean that the Nairs and Christians (who are not
"backward") would have to choose their teachers from
a restricted list sure to include a goodly number of Ez-
hava names. And in Kerala, with one of the highest
rates in India of unemployment among the educated, the
issue of who gets teaching jobs in 7,000 schools is
quite enough to fill the streets with demonstrators.

The turmoil in Kerala, in short, does not signify any
New Delhi-inspired effort to displace the Communist-
led government. On the contrary, the identification of
the state branch of Prime Minister Nehru's Congress
Party with the movement to force the Communist re-
gime out of office has run counter to the wishes of
dominant sections of the national Congress High Com-
mand. The caste and religious bases of the agitation
against the school regulations prompted the High Com-
mand to rule explicitly against official Congress partici-
pation in the school agitation. The local Congress was
permitted to take a "non-violent" part in general dem-
onstrations against the regime, but there was clearly
no enthusiasm in Delhi for reprisals that would allow
the Communists to claim *they* were the defenders of con-
stitutional procedures and give them a pretext, in turn,
for retaliatory Communist harassment of Congress re-

gimes in other states. Mr. Nehru is said to believe that chaos in Kerala, necessitating central government administration of the state, would make martyrs of the Communists. And Cyril Dunn of *The Observer* of London, reporting from Kerala last week, noted that

the Communists have so far pointedly avoided conflict, with an air of democratic superiority which the opposition must find maddening. . . . They are able to set themselves up as the pained defenders of democracy against the subversive goings-on of the direct actionists—an attitude in which they have the . . . support of virtually all the press of India.

Two on an Arab Summit

COLONEL NASSER has invited Iraq's Premier Qassem to join him on an Arab summit, and Cairo's newspapers, instead of calling Qassem a "Communist enemy of Arab nationalism," now explain that he is a man on the brink of open conflict with Communism who would be wise to summon all the forces of Arab nationalism to his aid. The invitation illustrates Nasser's aptitude for learning by experience, and his experiences in foreign policy in the early part of this year were not satisfactory. He had thought and hoped that a companion revolution would take place in Iraq. Shocked—even wounded—by the turn toward Communism, he thereupon launched a violent war of words against Communists not only in Iraq but in Russia. But so as to remain neutral, he saw to it that this course gave the West no grounds for thinking it was winning him over. He therefore remained cool to Americans and snubbed British readiness to resume diplomatic relations.

The snag to this policy was that it left him with no friends, no money and much criticism from less impulsive neutrals such as Tito and Nehru. So he has altered his course, with almost immediate results. Soviet draftsmen are back on the job of designing cheaper plans for the Aswan Dam, and the World Bank is discussing a loan for improving the Suez Canal.

Nasser seems to have been helped toward the change by a lengthy letter which he received from Khrushchev on April 20. Its contents have not been disclosed, but its language is known to have been rough. Rumor says it told him the Soviet Union was not a charity organization, and that (unlike the West) it was not interested in loans or aid to people who were calling it names. Did it also advise him to try and get along with Qassem? It is likely.

For Mr. Khrushchev, like Nasser, has been profiting by experience; in this case, not his own. The unbridled exuberance of the Iraqi Communists placed him in a dilemma familiar to the Americans and British when Iraq joined the late Mr. Dulles' "northern tier" and the Baghdad Pact. This dilemma is that for any outsider to establish a link with one Arab state is to alienate the

rest, who say the link has impaired Arab unity. "Arab nationalism," said Nasser to the Indian newspaper *Blitz* on April 18, "cannot permit this new Communist Baghdad Pact, so to speak."

The sudden abandonment of Communist pressure on Qassem for seats in the cabinet is probably due to Soviet advice not to go too fast or too far, for a heaving, quarreling Arab world suits nobody at this moment. It is probable that Moscow, and with it the very small band of Iraqi Communists (mostly former exiles) who are sober, orthodox Marxists, would like Qassem to get back onto the bandwagon of Arab unity and to work on from there. Qassem's difficulty is that for the time being, the danger in Iraq is not so much Communism as it is anarchy; a large and wholly undisciplined group of Iraqi Communists which draws its strength from the Baghdad mob has been living for months on anti-Egyptian slogans. It could be brought around quickly only if Qassem were confident that the rank and file of the Iraqi army do not sympathize with it, and he has no such confidence. Agreement to a summit meeting with Egypt would be a cheering indicator that anarchy has not got the upper hand.

Judge Magruder Retires

NO comparably important servants of the Republic are as unsung, indeed as generally unnoticed by the general public, as the Circuit Judges. The Supreme Court delivers full opinions in some hundred-odd cases a year. These are generally—at any rate it was intended that they be—cases raising constitutional or other issues of pervasive public importance. But the vast bulk of federal litigation never gets to the Supreme Court. It is finally disposed of in the Courts of Appeal for the 11 circuits into which the nation is divided. They bear the chief responsibility in behalf of the federal government for keeping what the common law knew as the King's peace, and for doing justice between man and man and between man and the state—the first responsibility of organized society.

Excellence in this work eludes easy characterization. Its nature is suggested by Professor Ernest J. Brown, writing in the May issue of the *Harvard Law Review*, which is given over to articles in honor of Chief Judge Calvert Magruder of the First Circuit, in New England, who retires this month after 20 years in office. Mr. Brown singles out "the quality of perceptive detachment" in Judge Magruder's opinions, and he notes also their "respectful address," which "goes beyond manner to manifest an attitude." There is "deference to judicial predecessors," and "the address of the opinion appears often to be to losing counsel or to the judge who is being reversed, never to rebuke but always to explain and, if possible, to convince." These are among the qualities for which the work of Mr. Justice Brandeis is celebrated.

Appropriately, Calvert Magruder was Brandeis' first law clerk in 1916-17.

Retirement from the federal bench for a man of 65, which is Judge Magruder's age, does not mean the end of judging, for retired judges may and do continue to sit, sometimes with undiminished frequency. It means rather that the generally undermanned judiciary may have the benefit of another appointment. That is what it would mean, were it not for the dilatory behavior of Mr. Eastland of Mississippi, who, as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, has kept federal court nominations in his pocket, out of segregationist pique or in order to force some unworthy bargain on the Justice Department. It has been three months since the first-rate nomination of another former Brandeis clerk, Henry J. Friendly of New York, to the particularly overworked Second Circuit was submitted to the Senate; and 41 other nominations, going back as far as January, are pending. In the end they will be confirmed, but the delays are inexcusable.

"Bloody" Wisconsin

WISCONSIN, often the graveyard of Presidential candidacies, will be a "bloody battleground" in 1960, according to Gov. Gaylord Nelson, a Democrat who seeks to head off an expected clash between Senators Humphrey and Kennedy in the April 5 primary. Humphrey is deeply committed to entering the primary and Kennedy only slightly less so. Each has begun an active campaign. Each has, through Wisconsin backers, signified displeasure with Governor Nelson's proposals. Each is confident of winning. Nor has the Governor much hope of averting the clash. He sincerely wants to do so, if for no other reason than that, even though he remains a bystander, he is bound to be hurt by flying bricks. And the Governor has his own problems—with the state legislature, and with his own battle for re-election next year.

The candidates have pledged a clean fight, but among their supporters the dirty work has started. It was perhaps natural, but not necessarily helpful, that the large majority of those who announced early for Kennedy in Wisconsin are Irish Catholics. The candidates themselves have made it clear that what they most want to avoid is a campaign in which religion is an issue, yet Democrats who have declared for Humphrey have already been called "anti-Catholic." Some Humphrey boosters have retaliated by spreading the word that Kennedy is "reactionary" and "pro-McCarthy." Nelson thinks the name-calling may get worse and lead to costly division in the state Democratic Party and smudged reputations for both.

Most Democrats in Wisconsin now think that a split delegation is the most likely outcome. Humphrey will carry some rural districts, but Kennedy appears likely to poll a larger state-wide vote because of his anticipated popularity in the cities. Humphrey will have the backing

of most of the party organization and of organized labor, but this kind of support may count for little in a state whose voters are notoriously independent.

Still uncommitted among Democrats are many Adlai E. Stevenson loyalists. (Nelson is thought to be one of these.) And while Humphrey's backers have tried to promote the Minnesotan as a Stevenson "front," the idea has not caught on yet. As a consequence there is a good deal of half-heartedness at the moment about both of the active campaigns.

Young Republicans

THE 382-213 vote which gave the national presidency of the Young Republicans last week to a conservative 35-year-old banker from Downs, Kansas, might not represent the precise division of strength between Vice President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller among the delegates who met in Denver. But the dominance of Mr. Nixon's well-organized forces was obvious throughout. Any expectation of a pro-Rockefeller rising on the part of the younger GOP politicians must accordingly be treated skeptically.

The Vice President's Congressional liaison aide, Charles K. McWhorter, who headed the Young Republicans as recently as 1957, was, reports *The New York Times*, "busy at the convention." The New York delegation (headed by the staff counsel to pro-Rockefeller New York Lieutenant-Governor Malcolm Wilson) tried and failed to maneuver a king-made slate of officers which would have avoided the appearance of a Nixon-Rockefeller contest. And "Nels" was not helped by the apparently uninvited presence of two maverick Republican members of the Michigan legislature who set up a Rockefeller headquarters, though they were not even convention delegates.

This intrusion opened the way for a resolution censuring the "inappropriate" politicking. Mr. Nixon was on hand for a genial question-and-answer session and a cocktail party—1,200 filed past the receiving line for a handshake—sponsored by the active, pro-Nixon California delegation. A unanimous resolution the next day praised the Vice President for "his devotion to the highest principles of our American heritage."

Some Southern Comfort

A GRATIFYINGLY large number of Southern and border state legislatures have convened and adjourned this year without adding appreciably to the welter of school segregation laws already on the books. The Arkansas, Georgia and Virginia legislatures did enact substantial numbers of new segregation laws, and Alabama and Louisiana are still in session. But Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, Missouri, Oklahoma,

Texas, West Virginia, Tennessee and Florida have met without drastic results for the schools.

In Tennessee and Florida the credit goes largely to the Governors. The 81st General Assembly adjourned in Nashville having passed only a single school segregation bill, a compromise compulsory attendance law permitting parents to transfer children from desegregated schools. Gov. Buford Ellington steered it through as a substitute for a "massive resistance" statute sponsored by Rep. Ralph Kelley of Chattanooga (Ellington is not opposed to segregation, just controversy—of any kind). There is no legal obstacle preventing Knoxville and other Tennessee cities from complying with Court orders to desegregate when such orders are issued.

When the Florida legislature convened on April 7 the atmosphere was described as "grim." An Associated Press poll of the representatives, showing that a majority favored three strong bills encouraging defiance of the Supreme Court's ruling on desegregation, revealed a hardening of attitude since a similar poll taken in December. Gov. Leroy Collins, who advocates token compliance with the Supreme Court order on desegregation, made disconsolate remarks about how the ranks of the sensible seemed to be thinning and privately confessed that he expected a runaway session.

About 30 drastic schoolbills were introduced, as he feared. But only two comparatively harmless measures were passed—one authorizing school segregation by sex and another facilitating the incorporation of private schools. Governor Collins signed both of these bills and worked quietly against the wilder ones. By keeping the school issue out of the papers as much as possible and giving the legislature plenty of other controversial matters—including reapportionment—to talk about, he managed affairs so that the "pork choppers" from the small rural counties had plenty of chances to let off steam before the segregation bills came up. Now the way is clear for Miami to admit its first Negro students to a formerly all-white school next September.

An Inch Off Dead Center

LAST FEBRUARY the AEC presented to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy an atomic power construction program for the coming year of Lilliputian dimensions. It totalled slightly less than 100,000 kilowatts of new atomic power capacity—equivalent to the size of one boiler in a large power plant. The cost: \$39.5 million, three-fourths of it for subsidies for privately-owned reactors. Senator Gore, who had again introduced his bill for a \$400 million federal program, expressed deep disappointment. Representative Holifield termed the AEC request "inadequate" and "pitifully small." The Chairman of the Joint Committee, Senator Anderson, said that the "AEC appears to be

REPRINTS AVAILABLE

Southerners and Schools

by HELEN FULLER

Single copy—35¢	10 copies—\$3
50 copies—\$12	100 copies—\$20

The Newsmagazines

by BEN S. BAGDIKIAN

Single copy—35¢	10 copies—\$3
50 copies—\$12	100 copies—\$20

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

on dead center in its atomic power program."

Nevertheless, Senator Anderson and AEC Chairman John McCone subsequently entered upon negotiations in the hope of reaching agreement on a program somewhat larger than the AEC had proposed but still small enough to be swallowed by the White House bookkeepers. "Harmony" was achieved, and on June 2, the 18-man Joint Committee unanimously recommended a bill authorizing new atomic power projects for the next year. It was "harmony" at the price of substantial progress.

Senator Anderson and the other Committee Democrats did persuade Mr. McCone reluctantly to accept some modest additions. And a better balance was struck between public and private power: Subsidies for research and development are provided for three private utility projects, and three federal reactors are also authorized—two of which will be tied into the systems of municipal utilities or rural cooperatives, unable since 1956 to participate in any new projects. The Democrats denied the AEC's request for a federal grant to finance half the capital cost of a private utility plant.

The compromise bill is better and less enfeebled than AEC's initial recommendations, but it must be regarded as a victory for the policy of economy at all costs. The Joint Committee and the Commission, it now seems clear, have become more interested in reaching peaceful, political settlements than with the rapid development of a major new technology. Those impatient with our slow pace and who appreciate that the world's reserves of coal, oil and gas are finite, but that the world's need for energy will rise geometrically for the indefinite future have been reduced to haggling with the AEC over the addition of one or two 25,000 kilowatt federal reactors; and the AEC toys with subsidy gimmicks that might tempt private power companies to do more than they have been willing to do heretofore. Like other urgent programs requiring public investment, atomic power is the victim of the Administration's obsession with balancing the budget, the Democrats' fear of the "spenders" label, and the deadly apathy which infects this Capital City of a Great Power.

THE STATE OF THE UNIONS—II

How Far Has Merger Gone?

by WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR., JOEL SEIDMAN, VICTOR HOFFMANN

THIS is the second of a series of articles examining the American labor movement since the merger. The authors know their subject through university teaching and writing in labor relations, and through practical experience in factory work. Mr. Bloomberg, once an hourly-paid employee in a half-dozen different factories, is now Associate Professor of Sociology at Syracuse University. Mr. Hoffmann, once an agricultural laborer and canning factory employee, is now Professor of Government at Valparaiso University in Indiana. Mr. Seidman, once an organizer and labor education worker, is now Professor of Industrial Relations in the School of Business at the University of Chicago.

THE DEBATE in Congress over proposed "labor reform" legislation has been richly decorated by allusions to the "vast power" of organized labor. Such phrases as "labor monopoly" and "union bosses" call to mind an image of power-hungry opportunists who, from the lavish central offices of their national headquarters, can by snapping their fingers order the shut-down of one industry or the unionization of another. But as we talked with unionists throughout the Northeast and the Midwest, in national headquarters, in regional and district offices, in local meeting halls, we encountered only a few for whom the image of "the vastly powerful union" was imaginable, even as a vastly exaggerated caricature.

The merger of the AFL and the CIO was itself a product, not of organized labor's strength, but of its weakness. As we reported previously, a broad range of union officials have felt during the past decade that they lived in an increasingly hostile national environment. They saw the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act, the emergence of "right-to-work" legislation, and the election of Eisenhower and his rather quick and easy accommodation to the right wing of the Republican Party. They saw post-war industrial managements developing sophisticated strategies of containment and attrition at the fringes of unionism. In this environment the internecine warfare

that had been an accepted fact of life within American unionism seemed a costly luxury, possibly the pathway to bankruptcy. And when death removed the two most symbolically significant representatives of the cleavage between the AFL and the CIO, William Green and Philip Murray, the era of separation seemed at least potentially at an end. But it was the "common defense" that constituted most of the common ground among that diverse collection of labor officials who attended the merger convention in December, 1955. It was a narrow base on which to erect so large a superstructure.

Most top officials would argue today that the new Federation's greatest single accomplishment is its own continued existence. Yet there is more than that. Over the past three difficult years, replete with conflicting jurisdictional claims, the old battle lines have shifted and the labor movement has been altered substantially in the process. David Dubinsky of the ILGWU points to one aspect of the change when he says that the merger

gave an impetus to the progressive complexion of the labor movement. The old conception of the AFL of the time of Gompers and Green, of the autonomous rights of the international unions, has given way to a different conception of labor's responsibilities.

Dubinsky had been one of the "lone wolves" within

the AFL who tried on occasion to get action against corruption within some of the member organizations. Now he and such others as A. J. Hayes of the Machinists and George Harrison of the Railway Clerks find themselves on the same side with former CIO leaders. The coalition has strengthened George Meany's hand, provided solid support for his drive on corruption, and has helped the new Federation gain far more control over its affiliates than the old AFL ever exercised.

Meany, as one upper-echelon international officer put it, is "historically perfect" for the AFL-CIO presidency—"tough, AFL, from a craft union." If he does not speak in the merged organization with the authority that Murray had in the old CIO, the very different histories of the two bodies must be kept in mind, along with the special prestige that attached to Murray as head of the giant Steelworkers and the trusted counselor and mentor of many of the smaller CIO affiliates. No one person could have occupied so dominant a position within the old AFL, with its large number of long-established, successful organizations, each suspicious of outside interferences. Certainly without the merger the AFL would hardly have adopted codes of ethical practices which all affiliates were bound even formally to obey, nor could there have been any vigorous policing, albeit within narrow limits, of national unions. Instead they would have invoked their "autonomous rights" to justify "non-interference" in the affairs of the Teamsters and others, despite the revelations of the McClellan Committee.

Meany's power has grown substantially, while his temper—according to some—has grown even thinner. A weak president could have thwarted what centralization of authority was provided for on paper in the new AFL-CIO constitution; Meany has established it firmly. Even CIO liberals, some of whom have chafed at certain of Meany's more conservative pronouncements (and especially at some of his blasts at "neutralism"), give him full credit for this. A top executive officer of a middle-sized union summed it up, if with a little exaggeration: "Hutcheson could have scared Bill Green to death. Now these old-time strongman union leaders have to be careful with their threats to withdraw—Meany just might accept before they have time to reconsider!"

Family Quarrels

MEANY has heard plenty of threats and words of anger in his office on the eighth floor of the AFL-CIO building in Washington, D. C., and in the nearby executive council chamber. There the various vice presidents of the Federation, most of them presidents of national unions, meet around a huge, elongated oval conference table. To avoid too great an expanse of polished wood surface, the center has been carved out, à la Geneva, unintentionally symbolizing the organizational and ideological gulf across which some of these leaders must speak—or shout

—to one another. Most of the shouting to date has been over jurisdictional disputes.

While industrial history and the solidarity of workers in the mass production industries have settled the question of whether or not there would be industrial unions on a large scale, there is a twilight zone between the industrial and the craft types of union in which they frequently collide. From time to time the craft severance rule of the NLRB permits the jurisdictional issue to be raised even in a mass production plant. The collisions have been especially severe recently with respect to new construction undertaken within industrial plants. While the building trades are reconciled to having factory maintenance staffs belong to the industrial unions, they insist that new construction within the limits of the plant belongs to their members. There is little quarrelling about major construction efforts, since the maintenance staffs are not equipped to do such work and the usual policy of contracting out building projects automatically puts them, with rare exceptions, into the hands of the building trades. But who should install the new machinery once the shell is up? Or who should move machinery from an old building into a new one? And at what point does renovation of an old building become "new construction" instead of "maintenance"?

In an effort to solve such problems, at least where the work is not completed by the time the jurisdictional dispute moves through channels and reaches Federation headquarters, Meany has experimented with two-man investigating teams reporting directly to him. Following this the dispute goes to the heads of the Building Trades and the Industrial Union departments, then to a committee of the Executive Council, and finally to the Council itself. The merger has neither added to nor diminished the number of such rival claims; it has simply made them matters of internal organizational politicking rather than functions of the "foreign policies" of rival unions. The machinery for settling them is as yet neither automatic nor very efficient, and only loyalty to the merger and to George Meany on the part of certain building trades officers has prevented such conflicts from infecting other areas of Federation activity.

What has raised tempers in the AFL-CIO to the boiling point fastest, however, has been the effort of the Metal Trades Council to win bargaining rights on behalf of workers employed in mass production industries, such as in the new aluminum refining plant of the Ormet Corporation at Burnside, Louisiana. The United Steelworkers had successfully organized the reduction plant of the same company in Ohio, easily defeating the Metal Trades Council in an NLRB election. But the Baton Rouge Council intervened in the Louisiana case over Steelworkers' objection that the Council lacked jurisdiction, and then the Metal Trades Council triumphed in the NLRB runoff elections. Such a jurisdictional challenge would be hard enough to take from another af-

filiated national union, but it seemed intolerable coming from the Metal Trades Council, itself literally a creature of the parent Federation.

Without the aid of the Metal Trades Department the craft unions which have organized in metal industries might have a harder time competing with the Steelworkers, or even holding their own. But an effort is made to keep name-calling inside the stone and glass walls of the Federation's national headquarters and to contain the conflict within the jerry-built structure for conciliation and settlement. Steelworker officials leave no doubt that they are convinced about who is "right" and that they "go along" with Meany and the two-man investigating team technique as the lesser of two evils—without ever admitting that such procedure is technically legal or ethically proper. I. W. Abel, Secretary-Treasurer of the Steelworkers, refers with pointed vagueness to unions who "came into this merger without really accepting its purposes and who would still like to dismember industrial unions and distribute their employees among the different crafts." And Metal Trades Department President J. A. Brownlow questions the "sincerity of some of the participants" in the merger "based on their activities since the merger." But such mild, ambiguous comments for the benefit of the reading public are not the sort of language heard in the corridors and conference rooms of the AFL-CIO building, or in international offices elsewhere.

And yet, only one group has literally broken away from the AFL-CIO over such issues—the little 36,000-member Amalgamated Lithographers, whose three-quarter-century history includes 39 years in the AFL and 10, prior to the merger, in the CIO. They have continued organizing among workers handling lithography within plants with local unions affiliated with the Paper Workers, the Printing Pressmen and others, charging that under these unions lower wages were being paid for lithographic work. But Meany and the AFL-CIO Executive Council placed a higher priority on the principle of "no raiding," and Meany—not inclined to the most diplomatic language even in less trying circumstances—accused the Lithographers' leadership with being "stupid." Last August the ALA disaffiliated, with sympathy from a few other small, strictly craft groups but to the dismay of almost no one in the larger unions.

Such equanimity has not, however, characterized AFL-CIO upper echelon response to similar fights between the largest, strongest members. A celebrated case is that of the Burt Manufacturing Company of Akron, Ohio, which was aired before the McClellan Committee. Again, the Metal Workers are involved. The Sheet Metal Workers have boycotted the products of this company, whose employees belong to a Steelworker local. Contractors are pressured to purchase and install only ventilating equipment made by SMW members, and some SMW contracts



"What's Good for General Motors —"

have provisions barring Burt-made equipment. More than jurisdiction over Burt employees is at stake here; the Sheet Metal Workers claim that the Steelworkers' contract calls for wages below SMW scale in competitive shops. The boycott continues despite an AFL-CIO order in 1957 that it be ended. On the other hand, the AFL-CIO Executive Council last May ordered the formerly CIO Electrical Workers not to challenge the Sheet Metal Workers at a plant on Long Island. But IUEW President James Carey refused to call off his alleged "raid" on the grounds that the craft union's relations with the Belock Instrument Corp. were "collusive"—even though the much-respected president of the Rubber Workers helped author a pro-SMW report.

As in so many other instances, the new Federation has succeeded only in transforming a fight with outsiders into a family quarrel. Yet, as IBEW Secretary Keenan puts it sensibly, "Twenty years of division and twenty years of bitter rivalry naturally brought about many problems one wouldn't anticipate when talking about and working out a merger." And Communications Workers President Joseph Beirne, who now calls the AFL-CIO record "astounding," points to a less visible but perhaps, in long-run terms, more critical development—the growing spirit of understanding among the once separate and often hostile ranks of union leaders. It is not easy for those outside of organized labor to imagine what it means to the agents and executives of these large, complex associations to be able to communicate with each other on

matters of common concern without being pre-defined as antagonists.

This is the point emphasized by tall, blunt, unrhetorical Joseph Childes, vice president of the Rubber Workers and probable successor to President Buckmaster when he retires:

This mutuality is more than just feelings. We are increasingly exchanging information with unions in the same kinds of industries as we're in. The Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO provides one means for this, but there are also beginning to be specific inquiries and answers back and forth between internationals—on contents of contracts, on things like time study and apprenticeship. It amounts to a sort of mutual technical assistance.

(This is one of the activities which might become illegal if unions were brought under the antitrust laws.)

The Cement on the Inside

IT IS ONE thing for unions to make common cause against pervasive threats such as the "right-to-work" laws. As long as that was the bond that held the AFL-CIO together, it could be argued in the words of one middle echelon staff man that "much of the cement is on the outside." But it is another thing to work on the hard stuff of American unionism, on the problems and issues of contracts and collective bargaining—the matters that most concern most of the members who pay the dues. Cooperation here can lead to more lasting relationships.

Childes is consistent in his optimism, asserting that the merged organization is basically better and stronger than either the old CIO or the old AFL. "A lot of younger guys," he says,

don't remember well enough what problems we faced when the CIO began. Our problems are much less now. In fact, I don't see where our problems now are any greater than each of us had within our organizations before we merged. There's a time dimension to all this, and we've done pretty well in this short a time.

Besides the knotty tangle of jurisdictional problems, IBEW Secretary Keenan lists as major AFL-CIO problems the codes of ethical practices and the operation of the committees set up to enforce them and the question of civil rights. The latter sometimes refers to the lack of internal political democracy in certain unions but has more often meant discrimination within unions because of race. Both the problem of race discrimination and the problem of "corruption" focus upon former AFL unions much more than upon those coming out of the CIO, and more often than not the unions in trouble are from the old AFL ruling core of conservative craft internationals, especially the building trades.

But there are other reasons why the building trades are the most discontented group within the merged Fed-

eration. Added to their diminished autonomy and the Federation's demand that Hutcheson of the Carpenters give an accounting of himself, there has been a decline of building trades influence in labor circles on all levels in many areas. "What you get," we were told by an international staff man whose job in his union's education department sends him to various parts of the country,

are alignments between the industrial unions out of the AFL and the progressive CIO unions. As a result there is a gradual—though sometimes it can be abrupt—freezing out of the building trades from the strong position that they held in the AFL, especially in many city and county organizations.

This tendency seems likely to continue, and it runs counter to the tradition of the building trades, which have been devoted practitioners of "Gomperism" in politics, avoiding substantial direct involvement in campaigns, rewarding "friends" with financial support, and accepting whatever honorific government posts might occasionally be offered when "labor representation" was desired. Their definition of "friend" and "foe" usually has taken account only of how a public official would act with respect to the building trades' own narrowly conceived interests. Used to operating through private representation at city hall or the state capitol, they tend to view mass meetings, rank-and-file lobbying, and precinct-level electioneering as suspect, the sort of thing done by "radicals."

In the rapidly expanding area of community welfare services the building trades are novices. Old-time auto worker William Lightner, AFL-CIO Community Chest representative in Cleveland, who deserves much credit for training local union social welfare "counselors" as well as for community fund-raising, puts the matter in the kindest way possible:

I think you will see real AFL involvement in time. Although few have as yet attended classes, we try to reach them by letters and talks. Meany believes in it. It took time with the CIO, too, to build up what we have today. As a few come in and get active from AFL circles, it will give us more leverage to get the rest active.

Certainly there are exceptions to this pattern. In Milwaukee the dominant AFL, with many leaders still influenced by remnants of the old German-American socialist tradition, works closely with the CIO in precinct-level politics, in educational projects and in community affairs. Even there, it is leaders from internationals outside the building trades who have "carried the ball."

Sometimes the relative expertness of the CIO unions in these fields is embarrassing. At an AFL-CIO educational institute in the East, participants from the building trades began to "drop in" on an especially good session on contracts being run by a formerly CIO international. The staff men teaching the class considered it to be

dealing with "the same old basic stuff we've worked over for years"; but the building trades delegates were obviously intrigued by all these "old" ideas for developing and administering contracts, including such surprising (to them) devices as making certain that all members of a local have complete copies! Afterwards some of the men from the crafts asked the industrial union to give them a "school on contracts," but the ex-CIO'ers had to turn them down "for the sake of internal harmony."

A very old officer of the Carpenters, who has held top local positions for more than 30 years, views the situation with a kind of resigned sadness: "We do not have the intelligence or the aggressiveness that the CIO shows in our craft leadership any more. It is not only that their philosophy is very different from ours; they are also more capable."

What happened to a building trades official who had been given a middle echelon AFL-CIO post illustrates the kind of change introduced by the merger. When this man held top state offices in the old AFL, he was his "own boss." Honorable and honest, he drew on an ample expense account for travel that he felt desirable and necessary. He was respected and deferred to. But the "progressive" AFL unions and the CIO organizations brought with them into the merger modern office practices along with their contemporary-style furnishings and filing systems. The old-timer from the AFL wanted to get away from it all for a few days and sent in a memo for his expense and travel funds. It came back with a notation requesting evidence that this was a "business trip." He resigned. Certainly there were other reasons. Like many building trades union officers, he had been a Republican, and a staunch one at that. It was apparent that, at least for the time being, labor support would go only to the relatively rare "liberal" among Republican candidates. Moreover, he was not young any more and did not savor the tensions accompanying the merger shakedown. But his situation became unbearable with the demand that he be accountable "for pennies" to whoever kept the books—that he learn to behave, in effect, like a professionalized bureaucrat.

Obstacles to Unity

CLEARLY, the old "AFL" and "CIO" labels have not yet been forgotten. But several realignments are taking place with important implications for the character and the power of the merged Federation. Conservatives who have the narrowest conception of unionism are now a minority. The industrial unions from both of the old Federations form a potent bloc on certain issues, but the mass production giants, Steel and Auto, have relatively less power within that bloc than they had in the CIO.

But merger has spread across the landscape of American unionism, state by state, city by city. Sometimes it has taken constant pressure from the Federation's na-

tional officers to force it through; frequently, organizational inertia and uneasy but unformulated fears rather than clear-cut opposition stood in the way. By Labor Day, 1958, consolidation had been completed locally in 29 states, was all but complete in 10 others. All told, charters had been issued to 579 unified central labor bodies. Today New Jersey and Pennsylvania are the only large industrial states which have not merged at the state level.

Generally speaking, merger has proceeded most easily in predominantly non-industrial areas where two weak parties had much to gain by combining forces and relatively little to fight over in the way of jobs, money or power. Illinois provided an example of what often happened where both the AFL and the CIO had considerable strength. Here background issues such as jurisdictional rivalry over construction in industrial plants helped sustain mutual suspicion. The AFL typically had a higher scale of salaries for state officers than the CIO, but a political program limited mainly to legislative lobbying—in contrast to the CIO's broader concerns for political action and civil rights—with subsequent effects on staff size. AFL leaders were not only skeptical about absorbing these "CIO functions," they were suspicious of some of the individuals involved in them.

The agreement to merge in New York State, signed at the end of October, 1958, and providing for a constitution-adopting convention in December, is another case in point. It was agreed to have a single main office at the capital, Albany, for the Secretary-Treasurer and as a center for legislative activities. But the two separate offices in New York City were to be maintained "until it becomes feasible to discontinue them and establish a single office for the use of the Executive Officers and in which the political education activities are to be centered." The AFL had \$16,000 earmarked for political education purposes at that time; the CIO had \$49,000 set aside. On the other hand, the AFL had \$110,000 in its retirement plan for state officials and staff while the CIO had a severance plan fund of \$29,000. These were to be kept separate "until such time as a satisfactory and acceptable unified plan can be developed and agreed upon." The amounts in the general funds of the two organizations were to be placed in a single general fund for the merged Federation—\$66,000 from the AFL and \$102,000 from the CIO, and the merged Federation also was to receive title to the \$30,000 AFL building in Albany. It all took a lot of negotiating.

So far most mergers in the states and cities appear to be working out rather well, though old suspicions and hostilities sometimes linger on. There is fear in Illinois ex-AFL circles that the former CIO group may form an industrial union department in the state, using that body as the vehicle for an autonomous legislative program going beyond the program advocated by the merged body. This is the state counterpart to the old fear that the Industrial Union Department might then become

a strong, independent power bloc within the AFL-CIO.

Large cities, like heavily industrial states, have provided more problems than have smaller places. New York City finally merged in January of this year, while negotiations were still "making progress" in Chicago. Still, it would be futile to look for a single pattern in the evolving merger. Particular histories, like variations in the qualities and predispositions of key leaders, have played a part. In Minnesota, which merged in October, 1956, there is genuine friendliness, reflecting the good will and hard work of a generally competent and often dedicated leadership, though the state organization was saddled with 23 vice presidents as part of the merger compromise. With many lively unions and a politically liberal and stimulating atmosphere, the Minnesota AFL-CIO is moving along with only the problems normal for such organizations. But in neighboring Wisconsin, in spite of close cooperation in political and community affairs between the AFL and the CIO in Milwaukee, merger efforts dragged on until July, 1958. Then it took the "help" of George Meany's administrative assistants, Peter McGavin and Eugene Moats, and of Peter Schoemann, a national vice president and president of the Plumbers, and of Karl Feller, president of the Brewery Workers and also a national vice president. Subsequently, things have gone reasonably smoothly, which some Wisconsin union leaders attribute to the clear predominance of the AFL, pointing to Indiana as a case where strength evenly divided between the two organizations made compromises even more difficult.

Local leaders have frequently expressed belief that relatively great strength on one side or the other expedites effective merging. In the small steel-mill city of Massillon, Ohio, old-time steelworker William Paul, president of Local 1144, asserted that

... our city council is more effective than before. We were not close with the AFL at all before, and there was a lot of AFL hostility towards us. But now we are getting along well and I see no local foot-dragging. You do have to remember that the total AFL membership in this place is probably no greater than what we have in a few larger Steel locals.

On the other hand, in Gary, Indiana, where steel also is heavily predominant, merger has required a "shot-gun marriage." The same was true in Indianapolis.

How Firm a Foundation?

LOOKING back over the past three years, it seems clear that the fears of many labor officials about a weakening of unionism—the "outside cement"—helped hold the merger together through many moments of crisis. Certainly the expulsion of the Teamsters, which did so much to confirm the passing of AFL-style "autonomy," reflected a fear of public reaction and punitive legislation

as much as a concern for principle. But most informed leaders probably agree with Arthur Goldberg, former counselor of the CIO, that the merger now can withstand whatever stresses and strains may be put upon it. What they do not agree upon is the kind of labor movement that will grow up in the new house. To an important degree that will depend upon whether or not the AFL-CIO becomes an expanding organization, carrying unionism to the unorganized places and workers in America. And it will depend upon whether or not a sense of purpose is regenerated that will help unify, not only the leaders of disparate unions, but rank-and-file members as well.

(SEIDMAN: While a sense of broad social vision may be lacking, the merger does express a basic similarity in objectives and tactics between the old AFL and the old CIO. Perhaps the chief effect of merger has been on the AFL, by way of weakening its tradition of national union autonomy, and strengthening the hand of Meany in dealing with corrupt elements. In this sense union power has been made more responsible.)

(HOFFMANN: This whole "responsibility" question is usually evaded in discussions of union power, evaded by making it sound self-evident. To whom should labor be responsible in the exercise of its power? And does responsibility mean subordination? It is my experience that in some unions responsibility to the rank and file means responsibility to people less interested, less competent to judge issues and less altruistic than the leadership and the top officials. On the other hand, how can labor be responsible to everyone else in the community without losing itself and its power in the process? Men organize in order to maintain, not exhaust, the group personality; to exercise, not constrain, collective power.)

(BLOOMBERG: The same kinds of questions are usually not faced in contemporary debates about power itself. The real issue is not how much power *corrupt* officials should be able to exercise, over either their own members or other groups in society. Corrupt officials should have no power. The conflict is over the imposition of constraints on the power of legitimate leaders who act to expand the material well-being of union members and to reduce the power of other groups in society, such as industrial management, over those members. The increased power potential of the merged Federation is dangerous to the degree that you oppose the goals of American unionism.

(SEIDMAN: But when we get right down to it, the power of the labor movement since merger is grossly overrated. The tendency is to generalize from cases like the Teamsters or the building trades, where large unions confront typically small and weak employers in competitive industry. But even the strongest unions are hardly a match for determined employers with substantial economic resources, and in some industries such as textiles and in many white collar areas, unionism has little more than a foothold.)

BOOKS & COMMENT

The Most Ecstatic Poetry Ever Written

by Stephen Spender

IN the West, we usually take it for granted that there is a gulf between the experience from which a poem derives and the language of the poetry. In a sense the relation of the poem to *what happened to the poet* remains occasional. The death of his friend was the occasion that gives rise to *Lycidas*; Shakespeare's love for the young man

ever written, difficult, I suppose, if one finds it impossible to imagine anyone having a mystical experience, or if one is stupefied by analytic thinking into having to explain St. John of the Cross away as "sexually repressed" (one might just as well describe sex as "repressed religion"). But not difficult if one accepts it as one does real events.

The Poems of St. John of the Cross
New English Versions
by John Frederick Nims
(Grove Press; \$3.95)

or the dark lady, the occasion of the sonnets.

In a good deal of Oriental poetry, and in all that which is called Mystical writing, the gulf between experience and literature is, as nearly as possible, abolished. The mystical experience, the result of a life disciplined with the aim of making the justification of faith through miraculous and visionary living, abolishes the gulf. St. John of the Cross lives his illumination which also is his poetry.

The result is a poetry quite unlike anything else, unless perhaps certain choruses of Aeschylus, and some hallucinated poems of Rimbaud. The poetry is completely identified with the life, and one cannot read St. John of the Cross without being conscious of the fact that one is in touch with literal experience—literal, I mean, as vision or hallucination is literal:

*En una noche oscura,
Con ansias en amores inflamada,
¡Oh dichosa ventura!
Sali sin ser notada,
Estando ya mi casa sosegada.
Once in the dark night,
my longings caught and raging in
love's ray
(O windfall of delight)
I slipped unseen away
as all my home in a deep slumber lay.*

It is the most ecstatic, enraptured poetry

Translation of poetry presents as many difficulties—I have finally come to think—as there are poems to translate—this is about the only generalization I would care to make on the subject. What is required of the translator is in each case to calculate which qualities in the original may have to be sacrificed for the sake of other more essential qualities. The poet's "thought" or "meaning" comes rather high on the list of things to decide about. Thus Mr. Nims puts before everything else the aim of giving "some inkling of the poetry" through fidelity to the rhyme-schemes, rhythms, sound of the original. I must admit that his somewhat ebullient way of explaining what he is about undermines confidence:

The meaning of poetry is a concord, or sometimes a discord, of many elements: of rhythm, of the sound of words and all it conjures, of the way our lips and throats relax or struggle to pronounce them, of the way words rebel against or nestle with each other, of their past record in the language and the company they have kept, of all their haloes, induced currents, and blue leaping arcs.

To convey all these things is indeed an ambitious program. In order to achieve it, Mr. Nims is almost contemptuous of mere content, thought, and meaning. It is a great pity, I must say, that he seems to have such a rhetorical attitude to his task, because one ought to consider very seriously what amount of truth, content and meaning absolutely cannot be jettisoned in the work of a poet who, to a fantastic degree, literally

believes every word that he wrote was an exact account of the truth. The truth being, of course, intertwined theological truth and mystical experience.

The stanza quoted above shows that Mr. Nims is most successful when he is translating descriptive and atmospheric passages. It is when he comes to the essential, irreducible meaning, that he sent me running to dictionaries and to other translators, thinking there must be some gross ignorance on my part, and finding myself unable to believe that he could indulge so wantonly in the worst habit of translators, paraphrase of the kind which means reducing the highest denominator of particularity in the poem, to the lowest denominator of that which might possibly be accepted by a jury chosen totally at random, of having a meaning roughly corresponding to the original.

THE *Coplas del alma que pena por ver a Dios*, has a refrain with variations expressing the thought that the poet dies in his body because his soul does not die. The first three lines are:

*Vivo sin vivir en mí,
Y de tal manera espero,
Que muero porque no muero.*

which Mr. Nims renders:

Living, and no life in me?
languish in expectancy?—
dying to my dying day.

I was puzzled by this, and I am still totally unable to think of any reason for translating "*muero porque no muero*" "dying to my dying day," when it means as nearly as possible, the exact opposite: "I die because I do not die." That it means this, and that the whole point of the poem is that it does mean this and nothing else, seems quite inescapable. Roy Campbell (whose version of St. John of the Cross is perhaps the best thing he ever did) translates the same lines:

I live without inhabiting
Myself—in such wise that I
Am dying that I do not die.

"In such wise" seems a bit archaic, and "*espero*" is not translated, but the third line could scarcely be bettered (incidentally, in the same poem, Mr. Nims ignores that St. John of the Cross varies the refrain: stuck on his "dying to my

dying day," which is so like Chesterton or Belloc, he can't get off it).

There is a more serious, because more misleading, paraphrase of the kind that simply destroys the poem in the beautiful Madrigal:

*Un pastorcico solo esta penado
ageno de plazer y de contento
y en su pastora puesto el pensamiento
y el pecho del amor muy lastimado
No llora po auerle amor llegado
que no le pena verse asi afligido
aunque en el coroacon esta herido
mas llora por pensar que esta
olvidado*

This Mr. Nims renders:

Once a young shepherd went off to despond:
how could he dance again? how could he sing?
All of his thoughts to his shepherdess cling,
With love in his heart like a ruinous wound.
The root of his sorrow? No, never the wound:
the lad was a lover and welcomed the dart
that lodged where it drank the red race of his heart—
but spurned by his fairest went off to despond . . .

Now these lines have a lightness and gentleness in the original that makes them untranslatable in terms of what Mr. Nims thinks is all that matters—namely, the tone. Mr. Campbell does not do much better than Mr. Nims as regards the handling of their dancing, but he rescues his version by his exact rendering of the vitally important "*olvidado*" which Mr. Nims totally misses with "spurned." The poem pivots on "*olvidado*," which provides the connecting link between human and divine love, the love of the shepherd for the shepherdess, the love of Christ for the human soul. Indeed, it conveys more than this, it penetrates to the tragic in love which is that the lover is not injured through being spurned (which may be proof of love through pain) but he suffers finally and irremediably through being forgotten, because oblivion is death. In Mr. Nims' lines there is contrast between the wound caused by the dart, and being spurned, since it would be natural to identify the spurning as the cause of the wound. Roy Campbell's version here is a demonstration of Mr. Nims' mistake in thinking that the

lived and literal, mystical and theological, meaning in St. John of the Cross can be sometimes overlooked, for as movement and rhythm it is scarcely superior, but the contrast strikes at the heart of the meaning of the original:

He did not weep that love had pierced him so,
Nor with self-pity that the shaft was shot,
Though deep into his heart had sunk the blow,
It grieved him more that he had been forgot.

The weakness of Mr. Nims' approach is that, while he may well be right in thinking he should concentrate on the "poetry," he fails to see that in order to do this, he should have a complete, sure, and all-pervading grasp of the system of relations behind the poetry—relations of the mystic with God—and that these relations are as much the world of St. John of the Cross as Paris is the world of Baudelaire.

There is a lack of concreteness throughout, which sometimes has unfortunate results, e.g. translating the line "*Amada en el amado transformada*" "the loved one wholly ensouling in the lover." "Ensouling" is hideous, and the perhaps over-obvious "transformed" would be better. Campbell has,

Oh night that joined the lover

To the beloved bride
Transfiguring them each into the other.

"Transfiguring" is beautiful, though, if Campbell had worked a bit harder, I can scarcely doubt that he would have rewritten the stanza in the light of correcting the last two lines to

Loved and lover,
Transfiguring the loved into the lover!

However, I do not wish to criticize by the standard of what I think might be done. The grounds of my criticism are these: that in translating there is a hierarchy of means whereby the poet establishes his particular kind of truth. There are several layers or strands of truth in any poem. The important thing is for the translator to decide which are the ones which absolutely have to be carried over into the translation. I think that Mr. Nims has made an error of judgment in underestimating the literal quality of St. John of the Cross. A mystic is a person who insists that symbols are real and that symbolic events have happened to him. He is a Doubting Thomas who overcomes his doubts by developing real scars on his own person: and if he is a poet, these appear in the poetry. Mr. Nims gives something of the buoyancy and élan of St. John of the Cross, but not his concreteness nor the insistency of his belief.

The Working-Class Hero

by Graham Hughes

THE working-class hero in the novel is surely ready for a major study.

We are familiar enough now with the deracinated proletarian hero of the *Angry Young Men*, caught up in contempt or accidia by his class ambivalence, or with the crushed victims in an Upton

Threescore and Ten
by Walter Allen
(Morrow; \$3.50)

Sinclair setting who scarcely have any existence except as vessels for the author's passionate social protest. But the working-class novel with the working-class hero who keeps his roots down and his head up, who is deeply and con-

cretely realized in the author's imagination, is all too rare. This is perhaps easy to explain. The proletarian artist, by his avocation and his peculiar skill, is a man who must move away from his class; even if he continues to share its economic status he will turn aside for a great deal of his intellectual and emotional nourishment. By virtue of his zeal and gifts he has to pay the forfeit of surrendering some of his attachment.

So, if D. H. Lawrence was too much of the class himself and too great an artist ever to strike a pretentious note in his working-class characters, yet the characters themselves are shown, not in the background of their class, but in the transcending context of the artist's uni-

versal themes. With Dickens we have an attempt at true class portrayal, but it sinks perpetually into that gross caricature which admirers of Dickens see as his loveliness but which in fact is the mark of his inferiority as a writer. Indeed, in the English tradition we have to go back as far as Defoe to find an unself-conscious offering of a working-class theme as the basis for a novel of great literary merit.

WALTER ALLEN's achievement in this field of few successes would itself be enough to make *Threescore and Ten* a memorable novel. Mr. Allen's hero is Billy Ashted, all his life a skilled metal-worker, now at 76 waiting for death in the comfortable suburban home of his son, a successful industrial executive. This novel is Billy's last, loving look at the fading ribbon of his life.

He was born into an innermost chamber of the furnace of English 19th-Century industrialism, a slum street in a Midlands town, one of fifteen children with an illiterate, sometimes brutal father, only lucky enough to be apprenticed to a skilled craft. A gifted boy with a catholic and voracious appetite for skill and knowledge, he jumped into the van of that peculiarly British working-class movement of self help through education. He drank greedily from the often muddy fountains of technical colleges, university extension courses and workers' Educational Association classes, picking up a great deal but always conscious of what he had missed, of opportunity denied by social status. At his side was George Thompson, equally impelled to knowledge but acquiring a definite, central ambition of a kind that never troubled Billy. George goes into trade union officialdom and politics, becomes an M.P. in those first election victories of the Labour movement and grows to be something of a power.

In the ardently socialist conviction and thirst for education of Billy Ashted and George Thompson, Walter Allen has captured a phase of British social history that is of crucial importance for an understanding of contemporary Britain and is perhaps too little known here. For they were eminently worthy of record, these cadres of sober craftsmen who patiently taught themselves who debated endlessly in the shabby halls of Workmen's Institutes, who forged the Co-operative movement and the great

unions, the Independent Labour Party and later the Labour Party, who by their weight and ability forced a peaceful social revolution. They were Socialists, mostly Marxists, and "The Red Flag" was their song, but they always held to democratic action and followed it to victory even after the debacle of the General Strike and the tragedy of Ramsey MacDonald. It was for their children that they fought and for their children that they won the world of opportunity and privilege from which they themselves had been shut out.

Mr. Allen has beautifully distilled a social experience that is quickly evaporating, but the charm and worth of this novel consist in much more than social photography. They are to be found in the intricately developed character of Billy Ashted and his vibrant relations with other people. Billy was interested in too many things to be very successful. He preferred practicing his violin to working at his own business. As a young man he went to America to better himself, but became so delighted with the fascinating tapestry of New York that he stayed there for six months, doing

nothing very much, and came home again. He has seen a son die, his best friend George ruined in politics and dying painfully, then the death of his own wife. But looking back over his rich years, one figure obsesses him, his youngest son, Tom, who came to no good at all, but lives a lying, cheating, shiftless life, flourishing sporadically in petty rackets and blackmailing his brothers. It is for the irresponsible, amoral Tom that Billy, after his 76 years, feels the strongest cry of his spirit. In his neat room, in the slick house of his successful but not unkind eldest son, the old man writes, while the cocktail party goes on downstairs, of his one great failure, his helplessness to touch the heart of Tom, in whom he sees so much of himself.

The elements of sensitive old age are beautifully drawn—the fruition, the lively contemplation of achievement, the scrabbling fear of death and the pang of loss at far off errors in personal relationships that now can never be put right. Billy Ashted is one of the most curious and startlingly successful creations of modern fiction.

Benjamin Ginzburg's

forthright,^① *eloquent*,^②
extraordinary^③ new book
calls for an end to
Government thought-control
inspired by the "myth" of
the Communist menace

- ① "A forthright indictment — A reminder of our transgressions so tellingly documented should contribute to shortening the road to democratic liberties." — *The Saturday Review*
- ② "Eloquent and vital — A compact, hard-hitting plea that America be true to itself and return to the ideals of personal liberty it was the first to give to the world." — *The Nation*
- ③ "An extraordinary book, written with passion and scholarship." — *Max Lerner*

REDEDICATION TO FREEDOM

Introduction by REINHOLD NIEBUHR
\$3.50. Simon and Schuster

The Greatest Victorian

by E. V. Walter

IF A MODERN PLUTARCH were to search for paradigms of the political intellectual, he could do no better than to go to Victorian England and examine the parallel lives of two robust and critical minds: Marx and Bagehot. As the former was the greatest critic of the Victorian age, the latter, in the words of G. M. Young, was "the greatest Victorian." They were drawn to the same

Walter Bagehot
A Study of His Life and Thought
Together with a Selection
From His Political Writings,
by Norman St. John-Stevs
(Indiana; \$7.50).

subjects: political economy, government, esthetics and human behavior in general. Both were especially intrigued, for different reasons, by the politics of capitalism and by the characteristics of bourgeois society. The very conditions they studied, however, placed them in different worlds, and, as far as I can tell, they took no notice of each other. They illustrate two contrasting vocations open to the intellectual—the way of negation and the way of affirmation. At the same time that Marx probed for the life and death principle of bourgeois society, Bagehot concluded: "The great political want of our day is a capitalist conservatism."

Conservative intellectuals today would do well to select Bagehot for a model. He approved "substantial comfort" and enjoyed bourgeois society, but never wrote as a captive, for his spirit was detached and ironic. "There seems an unalterable contradiction between the human mind and its employments. How can a *soul* be a merchant?" he asked. As the author-editor of the present volume observes, Bagehot's detachment was often supported by "an extraordinary combination of rollicking cynicism and profound good sense."

Unlike the radical critic, whose instinct was to strip the mask from reality, Bagehot was fascinated by the brilliant surface of Victorian life. His understanding went beyond mere fascination, however, and one suspects he recognized that society depends on the game of

masks, that he perceived their dignity as well as their comedy, and as Santayana would put it, that he did not ask of masks that they be hearts.

Though he chose his work at first because banking meant leisure, and leisure, contemplation, he became a public animal, deeply involved in the institutions he studied. He lived not only as economist, political writer, social psychologist and man of letters, but also as banker, editor and candidate for Parliament. What saved him from slavery to ceaseless activity was the unerring instinct of the Victorian mind to find its own place on heights above the fray.

This detachment permitted him to be reflective about social institutions, but his writing did not achieve the depth and rigor of social philosophy. Though drawn to theory, he worked better with concrete realities, and his abstractions never shone as brightly as his images.

Yet, his approach to things as they are is what permits us to learn from Bagehot today. He teaches us to move from form to function, to see what living men actually do, to examine action in a manner that we now call functional and "behavioral." Above all, he teaches how to ask questions. In *Lombard Street* he is uninterested in banking legislation and charts of organization and poses the question: by what specific techniques do seven middle-aged London merchants manage to get the work of the banking world done? Similarly, he examines the role of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales in the English political system not with a theory of monarchy, but with the prosaic question: why are the activities of a retired widow and an unemployed youth so important to the functioning of government?

Many of Bagehot's ideas have been successful enough to achieve the stature of commonplaces, and, for this reason, he is often quoted and seldom read. In several fields he is a pioneer or even a founding hero. In a certain sense, one may say that he constructed the English Constitution, for it is not easy to distinguish his original picture of it from the institutional reality. Modern English banking owes to him its system of reserves. He is one of the first of the

modern social psychologists, and the first of the Darwinists to apply the theory of evolution to society. To the social sciences he contributed enduring ideas: to social psychology, for example, the idea of national character; to political science, innumerable insights, including the discovery of the hidden ways in which the Cabinet in England becomes "a hyphen which joins, a buckle which fastens" the state.

Bagehot also laid the foundation for an anthropology of modern politics. He knew that institutions were expressions of mental states, and he approached society with an analytic realism. In his understanding of government, he was an heir of Montesquieu, finding the life of politics in the interaction between social structures and states of mind, perceiving that cultural climates and attitudes were the engines of political systems. He recognized the role of the irrational in collective life and repeatedly turned to "the part played by psychology and character in determining the course of events."

HIS importance to us now is not so much the ideas he contributed, for they are part of our equipment, but rather the example of his political consciousness, which leads us to ask fresh questions and to make new discoveries. One is moved by the clarity of his perceptions, the vigor of his thought, and the bright charm of his style. He lived in a time when social scientists were also apologists or critics, were not frightened by large questions, and despite the complexity of their minds or their subjects, kept the knots out of their prose, so that we are rarely mystified about what they saw and what they loved.

In the present volume, the editor's interesting biographical essay is encumbered by distracting commentary on the English Constitution since Bagehot's time—information which is more digestible in the standard constitutional histories. Moreover, the title is misleading, for the volume is really an edition of Bagehot's *The English Constitution*, taking up almost two hundred pages, introduced by a biographical essay and illuminated by nine selections from Bagehot's other political writings. This book will make it possible for modern readers to discover Bagehot's charm and relevance, but one does yearn for a more judicious selection of his political writing drawn from a wider range.

The New Yorker's Golden Age

by Peter Salmon

AN OVER-ZEALOUS younger editor of *The New Yorker* could, if he tried, find material for at least half a dozen of that magazine's "Newsbreaks" in James Thurber's *The Years With Ross*. There are obvious candidates for the "Forgetful Authors" Department and others that could be twisted into one of the "Infatuation With the Sound of" series. And one shudders to think what

The Years With Ross

by James Thurber

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$5)

the current crop of the magazine's book reviewers could say about Thurber's organization, which has all of the faults that are frequently to be found in a book that derives from a series of articles originating in a magazine—in this case in *The Atlantic*. Such a reviewer, moreover, could legitimately argue that the book never really explains what it was that made Ross a great editor.

In any event, I am confident that not even the most self-righteous purist could take serious notice of any of the faults. For the faults are those of genius and *The Years With Ross* is quite simply, if may use an over-worked phrase, a great book. It should win the Pulitzer Prize or biography; a National Book Award in fiction, nonfiction or poetry: it qualifies in all three categories), and anyone with contacts in Stockholm should notify the Swedish Academicians that now is the time for all of Thurber's work to be recorded the Nobel Prize it deserves.

The Years With Ross is an illuminating portrait of its subject, its author, and that American institution, the magazine they both served. One of the most interesting things about the book is that, directly or indirectly, it asks more questions than it answers; and one of these questions is: Now that we have read about *The New Yorker* in the days of its greatness, what about the magazine today?; while we still take it, we have none to take it for granted.

As one reads *The Years With Ross*, the conclusion cannot be escaped that Thurber has his own worries about this problem. Speaking of John Mosher, who rejected a story because it was "a

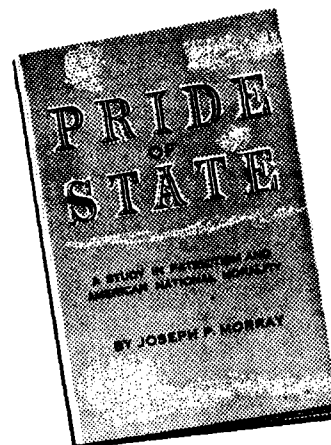
tedious bit about an adolescent female," Thurber remarks: "I sometimes wonder what Mosher would say, if he were alive now, about *The New Yorker's* flux of stories by women writers dealing with the infancy, childhood, and young womanhood of females. 'We are in a velvet rut,' Ross once said many years ago." More and more of today's stories fit this pattern, a pattern which comes out of the old *Delineator* rather than the old *New Yorker*.

Reading later in the book how Ross "gave up slowly and reluctantly his old original belief that the weekly ought to be confined to the scenes and peoples and goings on" in New York City, one wonders what he would think of the endless stream of stories set in South Africa, India, England and even (pace Frank O'Connor) Ireland. *The New Yorker's* fiction department remains the last stronghold of the British Empire. You may or may not agree that there are no new good fiction writers in this country but the fact remains that the significant younger American writers seldom appear in *The New Yorker* today. John Updike, of course, is an exception to this generalization, and maybe he is enough for the magazine to keep its franchise, but I doubt if Ross would have agreed. And before somebody brings up Salinger, let me hasten to point out that he got his start in the days of Ross.

It is true that the level of the magazine's nonfiction has remained fairly high. In addition to the consistently good foreign reporting, there are the regular contributions of such stalwarts as John Brooks and Berton Roueché. But we read much of their smooth work out of habit and a nagging sense of duty, before turning elsewhere for more real provocation to thought. As for the "Profiles" (a word invented by Ross), there has been a definite deterioration, best exemplified by Geoffrey Hellman's recent job on Bennett Cerf as compared to Wolcott Gibbs' earlier, annihilating profile of Henry Luce.

In the departments of criticism the magazine's record is more uneven. John Lardner's Television reviews are probably among the best available in a field

The Ugly American in his own back yard . . .



By

Joseph P. Morray

A STUDY IN PATRIOTISM AND AMERICAN NATIONAL MORALITY

Is patriotism dangerous? Should it be individual, national or international in concept? Does love of country imply love of mankind?

Mr. Morray's answers to these and other questions are set forth provocatively in a book that analyzes the social roots of patriotism and its psychology, both national and individual. Probing the relationship of patriotism to capitalism . . . to socialism . . . to communism . . . to civil liberties, he questions vigorously America's "official" position in these areas. *Pride of State* was inspired by the super-patriotism that arose during McCarthy's reign. It neither sugar-coats nor assails the patriotic impulse; rather, it is a plea to temper emotional patriotism with intellectual understanding.

"A perceptive analysis of patriotism, its psychology, its morality, its relation to authority, its action in the United States in respect to capitalism, civil liberties, and militarism, and its significance to the idea of a world community. Throughout, its dangers are stressed."

Publishers Weekly

BEACON PRESS

25 BEACON ST.

BOSTON, MASS.

Please send me _____ copies of

PRIDE OF STATE

At \$4 per copy

☐ \$ _____ enclosed ☐ Bill me

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



NR 3

that offers little competition. With the arrival of Kenneth Tynan and Donald Malcolm as drama critics, the pages of that department are the most stimulating to be found in the magazine. On the other hand, the regular book reviewers do not sustain the former critical standards, grace of writing and authority.

A friend of mine recently commented that twenty years ago he would have had called to his attention, either angrily or enthusiastically, two or three things in every issue; ten years later the average had dropped to one a week; currently, months can go by without anyone's mentioning *The New Yorker* to him. Years

ago, he said, he had given up the old weekly ritual of reading the magazine from cover to cover. On the other hand, I know from firsthand experience that today's undergraduates, in the Eastern colleges, at least, are regular and devoted readers. It may be that there is a limit to the number of years during which one may remain faithful to a magazine as stylized as this one. To those whose ardor for *The New Yorker* has dimmed with the passage of time, I recommend a reading of *The Years With Ross*. In its pages are to be found anew all of the old excitement and glory.

first task of the Communist opponents, he says, is to create an atmosphere of security against Communist aggression. "Only behind a curtain of power can the South Seas make political choices freely."

Non-Communists were heartened a year ago when the United States stood up against the Communist attempt to take Quemoy and Matsu, but the feeling still lingers that the West will not fight in Asia, he says.

Elegant suggests that this can be remedied by making the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization more than just a headquarters. There should be assigned to its direct command, he says, both Asian and Western contingents of ground, air and sea forces, whose visible presence in Asia would demonstrate that we mean it when we say aggression will be met with counter-force.

More should be done to tell the *hua-chiao* convincingly what really is happening in the motherland through stepped up and improved services. He suggests that *hua-chiao* leaders might be induced to take a stand against Communism if assured a haven in this country in case of imminent Communist invasion. He would cater to *hua-chiao* youth, avid for education unattainable in Southeast Asia, by opening American educational institutions to as many as 500 students of all races from each of the nations in the area. He would employ both the carrot and the stick to win the loyalty of *hua-chiao* merchants and businessmen, using boycotts as well as special economic inducements.

OUR ultimate aim and that of the Southeast Asian countries, he says, should be the assimilation of the overseas Chinese by the host nations, and this could be furthered by the abandonment of discriminatory policies, especially in the economic field. Oppressive measures simply make the *hua-chiao* more cunning, more lawless and more subject to Communist blandishments.

The United States, he contends, should cease backing the Nationalist play for the allegiance of the *hua-chiao* who, in any case, are withdrawing it. Formosa itself, Elegant says, there growing acceptance of this fact and disposition among rising new leaders encourage the *hua-chiao* to assimilate with the people they live among.

In Elegant's opinion eventual reco

Chinese Outside China

by Philip Potter

IT TOOK FOUR YEARS of hard fighting and an atomic bomb to shake the Japanese loose from their lightning conquest of the South Seas in 1941.

Robert S. Elegant, in the most profound study of that area made since the war, suggests that unless the West swiftly adopts new policies to check it, it will be a much harder, if not impossible, task to roll back the "glacial advance" of

of any significance in determining the course of events in the South Seas. Despite a growing revulsion for the excesses of the Communist regime on the mainland, about which the *hua-chiao* know all too little, most have subscribed to what Elegant calls the "doctrine of inevitability of Communist domination of the South Seas." "The proposition is that the Communists already rule China and are destined to rule the South Seas as well," he writes, adding that this is a telling argument with a people whose "primary article of faith is survival by accommodation to reality."

The richest among the *hua-chiao* are scrambling to get aboard the Communist bandwagon; the smaller tradesmen are giving the Reds the best deals and becoming vehicles for Peking's capture of markets once held by Japan and Europe; their children, taking pride in the resurgence of China's power and feeling that Chinese culture is far superior to that of the people they live among, are reading Communist literature, looking at the Communist movies which increasingly dominate the market in Southeast Asia, and serving as both propagandists and activists in Communist organizations of all descriptions.

Mr. Elegant concludes that the Chinese Communists hold all the aces in the play for the *hua-chiao*, but that the game is not yet up, and the adoption of wise policies by the West and by the host Southeast Asian nations might yet draw the *hua-chiao* away from Peking. The

The Dragon's Seed

by Robert S. Elegant
(St. Martins; \$4.95)

Communist China in the same area. The book, by a Chinese-speaking newsman whose years of research were financed by the Ford Foundation, is a penetrating survey of the communities of 13 million overseas Chinese, the *hua-chiao* (Chinese living abroad) who form an "indigestible lump" in the body politic of the nine new Southeast Asian nations, comprising 171,300,000 people, formed since World War II out of one-time European and American colonies.

Mr. Elegant vividly pictures the steps by which the Peking regime of Mao Tse-tung has gained the allegiance of these Chinese, a people animated by overwhelming race-consciousness, the oldest imperialistic tradition in the world and a sense of grievance against both the people they live among and the colonial rulers of the past.

He sees the Nationalist regime on Formosa as scarcely any longer a factor

dition of the Peking government and even its admission to the United Nations would not necessarily have a catastrophic effect on the overseas Chinese. While the immediate increase in Communist prestige and our apparent surrender would reinforce the doctrine of inevitability, he says, this is of no great matter because the great majority al-

ready subscribe to this doctrine. Recognition in the long-run, he believes, would allow the US to adopt "effective rather than merely rhetorical anti-Communist measures." If accompanied by the creation of real security in Southeast Asia, it could be "the beginning of a truly effective program to halt Red penetration of the South Seas."

MOVIES

A Use of Beauty

ONE of the fascinating and unresolvable questions about acting is the relationship between the person of the actor and his art. Since he is his own instrument, he is like a violinist who can never change violins. More, he is like a novelist who must be personally acceptable to you before you can admire his book.

However, along with its drawbacks, this condition sometimes has special re-

The Nun's Story
(Warner Bros.)

wards for actor and audience. Audrey Hepburn is a good young actress—impid, compassionate, intelligent, and attractively dignified. She has always been equal in talent and technique to what she has been asked to do. But her performance as Sister Luke in *The Nun's Story* is better than her sheer ability, as such, could make it: because her person is so right for the part. After she has done all she can do with knowledge and design, her beauty speaks for her.

Obviously all actresses capitalize on their looks, whether they rely as heavily on their charms as Marilyn Monroe must or whether, like Kay Kendall, the good looks simply serve as a sort of armoring setting for their talent. But the effect in this part is extraordinary because of the uniquely appropriate quality of Miss Hepburn's beauty and the remarkable way it serves as an intensifying glass for the inner travail she is trying to convey. Besides, the nun's coiffure concentrates our attention so compellingly on her countenance that her face becomes the principal theatre of this drama. The matter cannot be anatomized exactly as to where physical attributes take over from controllable skills,

but certainly there are moments where the mere line of her cheek or the composure of her brow stabs the heart.

Readers of the best-selling book will recall that it is the story of a girl who joins a nursing order of nuns and after some years of work, principally at a hospital in the Congo, discovers that she is first a nurse and only second a religious—if at all—and so leaves the order. From the moment we see Miss Hepburn standing on a bridge in her native Bruges, on her way to give up the world at nineteen, the right note is sounded. We follow her through this two-and-a-half-hour picture as one follows a lantern on a journey. We watch her mature with virtually no help from make-up and certainly none from costume and hair-do; it is all internal. Equally so, her struggle and growing resolve. In the last exquisite scene, after she has changed back into secular clothes, she walks out the door, down a long cobbled street, hesitates at the crossing, then turns the corner—all in absolute silence, no swelling music on the sound track, just the concluding motion of the drama.

It is her performance—of increasing spirituality and decreasing religiosity—that holds this long picture together; for the film, in sum, is not as good as she is in it. It includes bits and scraps as if it wanted to pay at least token obeisance to as much of the book as possible. Thus there is about it an occasional indication of cutting-room harassment.

Given the sometimes patchy script, Fred Zinnemann has directed with enormous skill and conviction. The chief technical problem was the matter of time lapses, since the picture covers a number of years in a number of places. In the attempt to give the film shape and flow—without clichés like falling pages

of calendars—Zinnemann has been largely successful. Sequence by sequence he has handled his material penetratingly. Almost the whole first hour is taken up with the rituals of admission to the order, and Zinnemann gives this section the reality of a documentary without losing the feeling of subjective experience.

He also handles his actors very well, very interestingly. Peter Finch (in his best screen performance, as the Congo surgeon) makes his first entrance walking away from the camera. We are told who he is but do not meet him until later. He makes his last exit (as we watch with Sister Luke from a departing train) walking away from the station in the receding distance, going back into his own cycle of existence. We feel with Sister Luke that we have encountered by chance the path of an appealing human being, joined it temporarily, then diverged as patterns of obligation demanded.

The scenes between these two reflect more than perfect taste, they are directed and played with power. We know very well that the surgeon is in love with Sister Luke and that he is further distilling the conflicting essences within her; but nothing overt is ever done or said about it. Thus their time together and their parting are all the more poignant.

In the large and good supporting cast, Dame Edith Evans is outstanding as the head of the order. She is an actress whose face serves her, in its way, in similar manner to Miss Hepburn's. It is the face of holiness, of a woman who long ago left physical life and exists in a kind of visible disembodiment. As two other sisters, Mildred Dunnock and Patricia Collinge are like accompanying and harmonious chimes.

SO MUCH of this film is Catholic in detail as well as in theme that the non-Catholic may at first be estranged, almost repelled by it. The idea of the cloister is inevitably a repellent one to those who believe that earthly life is the purpose and value of earthly existence. But the film's strength, sustained by Miss Hepburn's performance, is such that even the unconvinced will feel a tug of envy for those who have found the assurances which he can never accept. And that, after all, is the point of Sister Luke's story.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

The Musorgsky Song Literature

MUSORGSKY was one of the great originals of the 19th Century (the others were Berlioz and Debussy); and Angel 3575—with all but a few of his songs, sung by the bass Boris Christoff—enables us to observe the first assertion and continuing operation of his originality. We hear, that is, the conventional melodic writing and piano accompaniments of the early songs, then the beginnings of Musorgsky's own expressively inflected vocal declamation and imaginative accompaniments, and finally the assured and impressive mastery in his style that he achieves in the later songs—notably the *Sunless* cycle.

I mention *Sunless* and not *Songs and Dances of Death* because Christoff sings *Sunless* as Musorgsky wrote it but gives us *Songs and Dances of Death* with Rimsky-Korsakov's outrageous falsifying changes in melody, harmony, phrase-structure and accompaniment, and with Rimsky's orchestration of the accompaniments. We owe the recording to Christoff's admiration for Musorgsky; but this turns out to be an admiration without understanding—the understanding, above all, that admiration of a composer begins with performing his music as he wrote it. Because he doesn't understand this, Christoff doesn't understand that the fact that Musorgsky thought of orchestrating certain of his songs is no justification for using the orchestrations of Glazunov, Rimsky-Korsakov and Labinsky. Evidently he is unable to appreciate how much less effective the orchestrated accompaniment of *The Song of Mephistopheles* is than Musorgsky's own piano accompaniment. And he is content to have the orchestra recorded so far behind the voice that it provides

insufficiently audible contexts for the vocal parts. These errors affect only a half-dozen or so of the 63 songs on the records; but it is a half-dozen that includes *Songs and Dances of Death*.

As for performance, in the songs of *The Nursery* Christoff's simulation with his bass of a child's prattling treble is downright embarrassing; and in some other songs he carries dramatic expressiveness to the point of hammy theatricalism. But in the greater number of songs the voice and expressive phrasing operate within limits in performances that are very fine and moving. Christoff's full voice is rough in texture; and his best performances are the quiet ones in which he uses his beautiful *mezza voce* in exquisitely inflected phrases.

One final detail must be mentioned: the adherence to chronological order and disregard of Musorgsky's grouping, with the result that *Songs and Dances of Death* is given in wrong order. Not only that, but the four songs of this cycle are separated by others of the period, and as a result are distributed over two record sides, so that to hear the cycle as an entity one has to lift the pickup repeatedly over intervening songs and go from one record side to another. And the same is true of *The Nursery*.

It's regrettable that the recording has these defects. But even with them it offers enough in music and performances to make it something to acquire.

THE RUSSIAN mezzo-soprano Zara Dolokhanova, who sang in this country the past season, can be heard on Monitor 2029 in a miscellany of songs by Medtner and several contemporary Russian composers, Greek and Russian folk songs, and "O don fatale" from Verdi's *Don Carlo*. In the songs the voice is very beautiful and is used with musical skill and taste; in the higher ranges of the Verdi aria it is less attractive—the extra-high note inserted at the end being especially unpleasant—and the piece is sung in strangely slow tempos which presumably are the ones current in Russia.

I might add that Dolokhanova can be heard also on Vanguard 6022, which

has two magnificent choral passages from Musorgsky's original version of *Khovantchina* that are omitted from the published Rimsky-Korsakov revision.

Those who find the arias from Bach's Cantatas Nos. 8, 13, 73, 157, 158 and 159 on Angel 35698 more interesting than I do will want to know that they are sung with beauty of vocal tone and eloquent expressive phrasing by Fischer-Dieskau with the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and the Berlin Philharmonic under Karl Forster.

Of three Vanguard records devoted largely to unfamiliar 18th Century music, BG-584 offers—in addition to Corelli's Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 1—the unfamiliar Vivaldi Trio Sonata Op. 1 No. 12, which is an impressive set of variations on *La Folia*, and agreeable pieces by Torelli, Sammartini and Stradella, performed well by a Copenhagen group under Jorgen Ernst Hansen. BG-583 has—in addition to the Vitali Chaconne—the unfamiliar and fine Albinoni Sonata Op. 6 No. 11 and Vivaldi Sonata in G minor, and good pieces by Tartini and Marcello, played well by the violinist Jan Tomasow and harpsichordist Anton Heiller. And BG-589 has an unfamiliar and good work by Torelli, his Concerto Op. 8 No. 6, in addition to Corelli's Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 8 (*Christmas*), transcription of Bach's *Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring* and two other chorales, and the incomplete sequential Haydn Toy Symphony, played well by I Solisti di Zagreb.

Also, BG-588 has Bach's great Concerto in D minor, played well on the harpsichord by Heiller with a Vienna State Opera orchestra under Miltiad Caridis, in addition to the less interesting Concertos in A major and F minor.

I have found Leonard Bernstein's best performances to be the ones of Mozart in which he operates within limits set by the style of the music. Evidently he accepts these limits also in Haydn and Mendelssohn; for on Columbia M 5349 he offers performances of Haydn's Symphony No. 104 and Mendelssohn's *Italian* with the New York Philharmonic that are continentally and effectively shaped and paced—except for a tempo that makes the second movement of *Italian* excessively slow. An example of what he does with music in which he does not accept limits is the overphatic distention of the introduction of Tchaikovsky's Fourth, on Columbia M

Notes on Contributors

STEPHEN SPENDER, the eminent British poet, is at present lecturing at the University of California. GRAHAM HUGHES is on the faculty of the Yale Law School. E. V. WALTER teaches politics at Brandeis. PHILIP POTTER, a Washington correspondent for *The Baltimore Sun*, was for many years a newspaper correspondent in East Asia.